Oh, day in which we shall forget he tangled troubles of to-day! h. day that laughs at dune, at debts h. day of promises to pay! h. shelter from all present storm! h, day in which we shall reform Oh, safest, best day for reform !

Convenient day of promises!

Hold back the shadow of the storm,
the blest to morrow! Chiefest friend
Let not thy mystery be less,
But lead us blindfolded to the end.

WAS HE MAD? BY CHARLES E. GOLDEY.

In visiting the south of England, have you ever gone out of your way to enjoy a few hours in one of the many delight ful, thriving towns which are scattered like corn throughout that sunny land? If not, then it has not been your fortune to view the sparkling landscape of Hazel to view the sparkling landscape of Hazelton, a quaint, quiet village, with modest
little homes, whose white paint glistens
in the sunlight, and whose gardens,
trimmed and orderly, exhibit blushing
roses and sweet-scented flowers peeping
from midst dense masses of green foliage.
Some twenty years back, there was
situated on the outskirts of Hazelton, a
gloomy-looking mansion, surrounced by

gloomy-looking mansion, surrounced by a clump of oaks and cedars which well nigh hid the edifice from view. Bolton Hall had stood the storms of

many centuries, but time seemed only to deepen the gloom of its surroundings. The house was square in force The house was square in form, with a turreted wing attached to its eastern wall. This wing exhibited great signs of decay, and its moldering walls and prison-shaped windows enhanced the general gloom surrounding the whole

In this wing were the fortunes of the Bolton race made; here were formulated those thoughts whose execution had raised Peter Bolton, gentleman, from comparative poverty and insignificance to wealth and knighthood; and here was the splendor of the same maintained by a long line of descendants, terminating, ime of which we write, in Sir

James Bolton.
Sir James was a man who had just turned his fiftieth year; of tall statue and well-rounded form, with a face whose keen black eyes could either twinkle with humor or sparkle with the darkest of passions. He had evidently lived well in the past, and his close-fiting rest betokened a rare appetite for the

Sir James was a widower, his wife hav-Sir James was a whower, his whe hav-ing died shortly after their marriage leaving her blessing in the form of a new-born babe to her youthful husband. Twenty-four years had transformed the babe into a broad-shouldered young man with blue eyes brimming over with good-nature, while mouth and chin be-tokened the resolution of the soldier.

Arthur Bolton had met Lucy Grey while visiting a village friend, and en-joyed her society in many little picnics and parties gotton up in the neighbor-hood, and had declared his love and been accepted. And now, the two young hearts were patiently waiting for the day that would bind them together in unity and

love.

It was a beautiful spring morning.

Crisp winter had lifted her fleecy covering from off the fields and flowers, and

nature was once more re-asserting her lovely sway, breathing sweet odors through the sunny atmosphere.

Arthur Bolton was strolling through the gardens, idly puffing clouds of smoke into the air, and giving himself up to the sweet reflections which love might beget in such rosy bowers. in such rosy bowers.

A rapid step sounded behind him, and turning, he beheld his father. "Good morning, Arthur!" said Sir James, in a cheery tone. "I am glad I

have found you."

"Why, my dear father," replied Arthur, with a merry twinkle in his eyes,
"do you see your wild son so seldom that the parternal heart is warmed at beholding him enjoying a cigar amid the sweet perfumes of your garden?"
"Ha! ha!" laughed Sir James; and for a few moments both gentlemen indulged in considerable merriment.

Sir James' mirth finally ceased, and a look of deep seriousness settled over his countenance. Arthur turned around, and thoughtfully studied the old house

which he had never called home.

"Father," he exclaimed, wheeling back to his former position, "why do you not have that old, broken-down tower torn away, and erect a modern wing in its place? I have often thought that it cast

place? I have often thought that it east a gloom over our home, and this morning it seems really forbidding."

Sir James raised his black eyes swiftly to the face of his son, and darted a keen, suspicious glance at him. Seemingly satisfied with his inspection, he replied in his usual tones.

n his usual tones—
"No, Arthur, your father has too few moments of seriousness to remove, at this late hour, the only objects that chain his thoughts to the past. But, Arthur, my object in meeting you here this morn-ing is of far too serious a nature to wait longer. To-day, Arthur Bolton"—and his voice became low and earnest—"the fate of your father and your home lies in your hands!"

"I am ruined, unless\_" "Good heavens, father, what do you mean?" exclaimed the young man with startled eyes and excited tones. "Unless," passionately continued Sir James "you says me."

James, "you save me."
"Thank God, if it lies in my power!"
was the glad response. "But how is it

"My plan is very simple. My credi-tors are beginning to push me to the wall. I can stave off the event for a month, and in the meantime you can hasten to my plantation in Cuba—my last resource. Straighten out its affairs, which have through my carelesses because the through my carelessness become very much confused, and sell it for what it will bring. I have no doubt but the sum realized will cover all my debts, and

leave a handsome margin."

A look of glad resolution lightened the face of Arthur as he replied:

"I will run over to the Meadows and

see Lucy to-morrow, and then away!" Sir James turned slightly pale. Shading his black eyes with his hand from his

son's gaze, he said:

"Miss Grey left town this morning, to
visit her sunts in London; and besides,
Arthur, it is of the most vital importance that you should depart this very after

"This very afternoon!" Arthur invol-"This very afternoon!" Arthur invol-untarily murmured, in a tone slightly saddened, for his thoughts were rapidly traveling toward Lucy, his love. Rous-ing himself from his gloomy reverie, he replied, with force of cheerfulness: "Very well, father; I will leave a note for Lucy in your care, and this afternoon shall see me off." And with these words

on his lips, the young man retired to prepare for his journey.

For a few moments Sir James Bolton pulled desperately on his cigar. He was reflecting, and, as the thoughts chased each other away, the varying expression of his face was marked and serious.

"He is my son," he broke out fiercely, throwing his cigar far from him. "God knows I love him, and fain would spare him, but the hand of fate is closing about me, and I must succumb. Heaven!"
he groaned, pacing up and down the
path excitedly. "What I suffer! And
for whom, for what? For Arthur! Ah. for whom, for what? For Arthur! Ah. If it were any other human being, I could crush him to the earth from my path with exultation! But now," he cried pitifully, the color coming and going from his face, "I must stab my own son's heart to the core. Must I? Oh, how the chains drag me to the ground! And "The Dectors Said I would never leave my bed. That was three months ago, and now I weigh 190 pounds. I was studded with twinkling stars, whose soft glimmer melted into the stronger "The Dectors Said I would never leave my bed. That was three months ago, and now I weigh 190 pounds. I was studded with twinkling stars, whose soft glimmer melted into the stronger H. O. BOURK, Rahway, N. J.

yet I must have her. Love, love!" he continued, passionately, breaking from his strain of remorse. "What power is this, what chains are these, that binds me to dishonor! Love and honor should go hand in hand, but not with me—not with me! By Heavens!" he cried, rag ing flercely up and down, "I shall have her!" And, with a glance toward the blue sky above he fell on his knees and

CHAPTER IL. There was nothing particularly beau tiful in Lucy Grey's face or form-that is, no physical beauty - but there was a stamp on her countenance which God alone had placed there—the stamp of purity, truth, and virtue.

Since the sudden departure of Arthur Bolton, a pensive sadness had weighted the general buoyancy of her spirit; ever since Sir James had called, and, taking her hand in his own, had gently said: "Lucy, 1 have sorrowful news to im-part—news that will break your heart, mless you boldly bare your shoulders to the burden. Prepare yourself, my dear friend, to hear what I must tell you.

his wife!" "I can not, will not, believe it!" she cried, with head erect and eyes aflame. "Why should I-his father-say it inless it were the bitter truth?" he re-

Arthur Bolton has robbed his father, and

leserted the girl he promised to make

"Too true-too true!" she wailed in her heart; and from that hour her cheeress was gone, and a subdued sadnes took its place.

It seemed but natural that Sir James Bolton should often call, and exert himself to cheer her; but when, several months later, he had gently asked her to forget the disgraceful conduct of his son, and become his wife, she resolutely declined.

"Never!" was her quiet reply, and that was the last she thought of it.

Sir James returned home from his last visit in a very moody frame of mind.

For several hours he remained closeted in his room, while a fierce battle raged within his breast. He had injured his son-had sent him on a wild-goose chasinto the very midst of danger—had told his intended wife the double falsehood that he was a thief and a villain-had detained, read, and destroyed, the loving letters directed to Lucy in his care, and now should be renounce his purpose or consummate his villainy? His crime had brought suffering with it, for the light-hearted easy-going gentleman of two months previous had changed to a

haggard, morose, and passionate man.
"Shall I give her up now," he cried, his bloodshot eyes straining straight ahead, "renounce her now, now when I have consigned my son to misery for her sake? No! Deprived of her and of my son, what is left in life for me?"

It was nearly two weeks after this event that Lucy Grey received a note requesting her to call at the residence of Sir James Bolton, as he wished to see her in regard to an important matter, but was too ill to leave his house. The note also stated that, as the subject of his interview would be his absent son, it would be wise to keep the knowledge of

This note quite astonished Lncy, but as she did not know what importance might be attached to it, she determined on acceding to the request. It was about the hour of dusk that Lucy Grey, with a cloak completely enveloping her, pre-sented herself at the door of the Bolton mansion. The servant had evidently received his instructions, for without a word he led her to the favorite sittingroom of his master.

Before a low table whose marble top

was hidden beneath gilt-edged volumes and musty papers, sat Sir James. His from his seat, he cordially extended his hand toward his visitor.

"You cannot imagine, Miss Grey," he said, in soft, melting tones, "what pleasure it affords me to have my request promptly granted. My dear girl, von have suffered now for a long time-suffered through the cruelty and brutality

"Stop, Sir James!" flashed Lucy, confronting him with scornful eyes. "I did not come here to hear his name dragged again in the mud, nor do I ask for pity. I am a woman, sir, and as such you should respect the motive which prompted me to come here. Now, Sir James," she cried, advancing a step for-fard, while the color dyed her white cheeks at the thought of her rashness in being drawn into so delicate a position, "you have stated that you had something of importance to communicate to

me. What is it?"
Boldly her blue eyes met the piercing gaze rivited upon her. For a moment Sir James paused; then, with an impetu-ous spring, he caught Lucy by the hand. In vain she strove to wrench herself from

his grasp.
"Cease!" he cried, in husky, passion ate tones. "You must, you shall hear me! Miss Grey—Lucy—darling—" and his hot lips almost touched the cheek which had become as alabaster; "my son has deceived, deserted you—tramoled upon the tender love of your heart, and not only yours, but mine—his fa-ther's. Heaven!" here the strong man shook as with palsy. "That my son should be so base, so crue!! Lucy, the sympathy which I, as his father, have felt for you has turned to love—idola-

"Monster! away!" she gasped, with a convulsive spring backward, while her eyes flashed, her cheeks crimsoned, and her hands were clenched. "You—his father—to insult me—let me pass!"

"Never!" he hissed, springing to her side again. "If not with your will, then without it, you shall be my wife!" And, snatching a moistened handker-chief which had been lying on the table, he pressed it firmly to her nose and mouth. In a few seconds Lucy Grey sank senseless to the floor. Gently lifting her in his arms, Sir James carried is senseless burden through the gloomy, intricate halls till he stood before a heavy loor rusty with age. Unlocking it, he entered a large room with diminutive windows, through which a single ray of light threw its halo over swords and weapons mouldering into dust. De-positing his burden on a large square bed standing in a corner of the room, he silently withdrew, and, an hour later, was strolling moodily through the

CHAPTER III. "Good morning, father!" exclaimed a hearty voice, and, glancing up, from his paper, Sir James Bolton beheld his son. Springing excitedly from his seat, he exclaimed—

"You, Arthur? Where—"
"Why, father," cried Arthur, "you do
not seem very glad to see me."
But Sir James, recognizing his rashness, had recovered his self-control. Extending his hand, he exclaimed: "Pardon me, Arthur, but your return

was so unexpected, and so welcome, "Enough, father dear," the young man gently returned. "I know that I am welcome, especially when I have a satisfactory report of my work to hand in. But I can not stay with you long. Associations here are too sad, too bitter." And his blue eyes looked inconceivably unhappy, for he was thinking of her who had written him soon after his arrival in Cuba, one short, cutting note, declining Cuba, one short, cutting note, declining his love.

So it was arranged, greatly to Sir

halo of the moon. The garden of the Bolton mansion was bathed in a grayish mist, which flickered among the tall trees, and cast weird shadows on the

old castle. Arthur Bolton was slowly strolling through the deep paths leading in and out among the shrubbery. The fire of his cigar burnt fiercely as he pulle nervously away at it. How often he had walked here with buoyant steps and light heart, looking toward the future, when Lucy Grey was to have become his

"How cruel!" he murmured. "Cruel -cruel! Oh, how shall I bear it-how shall I endure? Would to heaven that here and now I could lay down the burden of my life and sink into oblivion Lucy, who was my life and love-who is, and ever shall be, my love—is not false—but the note!" Hour after hour passed away, and still he staid. It was about midnight that he

stopped opposite the old tower.
"Hark!" he exclaimed, spring he exclaimed, springing forward and assuming a listening attitude.
"Arthur! Arthur! Save me!"
Like lightning his blue eyes sent a deam up to the window above. A white object fluttered a moment, and then fell

faintly penciled characters the following:
"To the person finding this ha chief. For the love of all you hold dear in this world or the next, take this to Dr. Grey of Hazelton, and tell him that I am confined a prisoner, by Sir James Bolton, in the big room of the old tower, and that he swears I shall not receive my

reedom until I become his wife Without reading further, Arthur Bol-ton sprang like a blood-hound toward the house. He knew it all now. Sir James was suddenly awakened that night by a terrible crash, and hurriedly throwing on his clothes, he rushed toward the big

room in the old tower.

Crash! With a wild shriek, he sprang forward. Crash, crash! And down flew the door, rotten with age, and Sir James arrived just in time to glare through the open space on Arthur and Lucy, fondly clasped in each other's arms, while the young man's hot kisses were raining over the brow, cheek and neck of her who was his life and love.

"Fiends!" screamed Sir James, while the blood rushed in torrents to his With one wild bound the old man attempted to reach the pair, but, falling short, he tottered, fell, and remained as

Tenderly he was laid on the bed. Already Artnur and Lucy had forgiven him, and for many a week, hung over his pillow; and when he became convalescent, none were happier than they. But the punishment came. Sir James' sight had gone in his illness, and henceforth, all that made life worth the living to him, was to sit between Arthur and Lucy, who had become man and wife, with a hand of each clasped tightly in his own, and hear them declare their forgiveness and

Was Joan of Arc Burned at the Stake. The Mayor of Compiegne is quite a genius in his way. He knew that the prevailing notion was to secularize every-thing, and consequently he invented a republican manifestation in honor of Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, who defended Compiegne against the English and Burgundians in 1430, and was betrayed into the hands of John of Luxembourg, who surrended her to the Englishmen who burned her at the stake in the market-place at Rouen. The ruins of the Maiden's Tower show where the Picardy archer pulled the unfortunate Joan from er war-horse, and when those who are fond of going back to the history of other days think of the legend and then of that horrible statue of the Maid of Orleans at face was slighty pale, and his eyes shone with unnatural brightness, as, rising the end of the Rue des Pyramides in Paris, they must deplore the fact that the man of Picardy left no descendant who would come forward and unhorse the figure that surmounts the pedestal. M. Charles Monselet has thrown some doubt on the legend of Joan of Arc hav-ing been burned by the English. He quotes a paragraph from the Mercure of 1683 announcing that certain documents recently discovered led to the conclusion that Josn of Arc had been married, and that, consequently, some unfortunate victim must have been sacrificed in her place at Rouen. The documents consisted of an attestation made by Father Vigner, who said: "Five years after the judgment of Joan of Arc, on the 20th day of May, Joan, the Maid, visited Metz. On the same day her brothers called to see her. They thought she had been burned, but when they saw her they re-cognized her at once. They took her with them to Boquelon. Whereon a yoe-man named Nicolle gave her a horse, and

two other persons contributed a sword and a plumed hat, and the said Maid sprung very cleverly on the said horse, saying a multitude of things to the yoe-man Nicolle." The old priest wrote this history with his own hand, and made oath as to its sincerity before a public notary, adding as a proof of what he had advanced a copy of the original contract of marriage between "Robert des Armoises and Joan of Arc, otherwise known as the Maid of Orleans." Compiegne has treasured up a faithful souvenir of the heroine, and about fifteen years ago a subscription was opened to enable the town to erect a statue to her memory. The idea was started by a rather unpopular person, soon allowed to drop. The present Mayor again took up the matter, and with the aid of the muncipility has at length succeeded in giving the town a statue of the Maid, whose words, J'irai voir me bons amis de Compiegne," have been cut in the pedestal.—London Globe,

Man's Self-Importance.

Mrs. Jameson, in more instances than one, shows her belief in self-importance being man's prime quality. Here is one thing that breathes a hard spirit. "Personal vanity in a man is sheer, unmitigated egotism, and an unfailing subject of ridicule and contempt with all women, be they wise or foolish." The Countess of Blessington, who was almost as wise as she was handsome, has left z few out-spoken opinions, of which one is that "Self-possession and dignity ought to characterize a man of birth and genius, and a poet should neither be gay nor flippant." Here is a stinger: "Men can pity the wrongs inflicted by other men on the gentler sex, but never those which they themselves inflict on women." Though the following would apply equally well to womer it is worth re-membering as showing that to a delicateminded woman the man who prides himminded woman the man who prides him-self on being a bear, growling out un-palatable truths at every breath, is not considered the pleasantest of compan-ions: "Your plain-speaking men,' says the Countess, "are usually either of ob-tuse intellect or of ill-natured disposi-tions, wounding the feelings of others from want of delicacy of mind and sen-sibility or from intentional malice." sibility, or from intentions! malice."
The Countess grows concise, and in saying that a woman's head is always influenced by her heart, and a man's heart is always influenced by his head,' utters an epigram worthy of Pope. In the same epigrammatic mood must this have been conceived: "Great men direct the events of their times, wise men take advantage of them; weak men are borne down by them." Elsewhere she says: In the society of pe sons of mediocrity of intellect a clever man will appear to have less spirit than those around him who possess the least, because he is dis-

placed in their company."

One of Samson's Big One's.

On a chill evening in October, a pary-villagers and travelers-sat aroun we in the office of the Conway House, at Conway, N. H., and story telling was in order. A traveler—a big, self-important man—told several very large stories, his last being of an encounter with a grizzly bear, which took to a tree, to escape his furious dogs, where he shot it.
Uncle Samson Head heard this, and

then he thought it time to open, which he did, as follows: "A good many years ago, when I was younger 'n I am now, I speut a season down by Six-Mile Pond. It was a great season for wild geese, and they took a great fancy for that pond. I'd rigged up a raft for fishin', and arter a time I trimmed it with bushes, so as to go arter geese on it. But never mind about that. om the winder of the chamber where I slept I could see a'most the whole o' the pond, and one dull, lowery mornin', when I got out o' bed, and cast my eyes out onto the pond, I saw a flock o' wild geese jest ligthin' on the water, away

ver the far side.
"You can bet your life, it didn't take me long ter dress, nor ter git my old duckin' gun and fixins; and when all at his feet. Picking it up, he read in was ready, down I went to where my raft was. As most on you know, the pond is six miles long, and the geese were, at least, three to four miles away, so't I couldn't shoot at 'em from where I stood. Wal, I was jest makin' for my raft when I 'spied a fox, not more'n four rods off, a lookin' at the geese. My fust thought was to let drive at him; but, thinks I, hold on. Let's see what he'll do. And I held on, and it's plaguey lucky 't I did. And now I'll tell you of jest the neatest bit of gamin' 't you ever

heard on. Listen:
"That ere fox had got his eye on them geese, and he meant to have 'em. Into the water he went, swimmin' as beautiful as you please, till he come to within about a rod of whar they was huddled together, when he went down out o' sight, and the next thing I seed was one o' the geese drawn under in a twinklin'! Ha! 'twas a neat job, now-just as true as you live! Wal, the fox come to the surface agin jest about where he went lown, and then made for the shore, with the goose's neck broke. He made straight to the spot whar he'd took to the water, and there he landed the fowl, right under

a clump o' hazle-wood.

"And then that fox set out for another; and went through jest the same manouvers. And—to make a long story short—thar I sot, hid by the bushes o' my raft, and saw that fox go and come go and come-go and come-till he'd

taken the last one o' the lot!
"And, as Mr. Fox landed with the last goose, I jest drew a bead on him, and let drive! Good-by, fox! I went and counted them geese, and found jest thirty-nine of 'em! Thirty-nine good, picked up the game and carried it home, and if ther' weren't some tall pickin' o' feathers for a while, then I'm a sinner!' As Samson told his story, the traveled stranger looked at him curiously; and

inally ventured: "My friend, may I be permitted to ask you a question?"
"Jest as many as you please. Go

"You tell us you got those geese in the morning, before breakfast?" "Well, sir, perhaps you will explain it. That fox had to swim three and a half

miles to reach the geese?"

"Every bit of it, sir." Then he must have swam seven miles or each and every goose, which would have been two hundred and seventythree miles, or thereabouts! carrying a name is sufficient to deter many from heavy weight—a weight very nearly partaking of this pastry, though it is ville. The plucky cantinuere drew out her revolver and stretched the aggressor soul. I can not understand it." oul. I can not understand it. Said Uncle Samp., as cool and calm as

ummer's eve: "Stranger, you said you treed a grizzly "Ye-e-es," with considerable hesita-

"Wal, I was watchin' that ere fox swimmin' arter them geese at the selfsame time 'at you was watchin' u grizzly bear clim'in' a tree!" The stranger pondered for a season and then, with a "smile that was child-like and bland," he invited the crowd in-

to the little room back of the office! What a Boy Knows About Girls. Girls are the most unaccountablest hings in the world-except woman. Like the wicked flea, when you have them they ain't there. I can cipher clean over the improper transactions, and the teacher says I do first rate; but I can't cipher out a girl, proper or . im-The only proper, and you can't either. The only rule in the arithmetic that hits their cases is the double rule of three. They are as full of Old Nick as their skins can hold, and they would die if they could not forment somebody. When they try to be mean, they are as mean as pusly though they ain't as mean as they let on, except sometimes, and then they are good-deal meaner. The only way to get along with a girl when she comes to you with her nonsense is to give her tat for tat, and that will flummux her and when you get a girl flummuxed she is as nice as a pin. A girl can sow more wild oats than a boy can sow in a year, but girls get their wild oats sowed after a while, which boys never do, and then they settle down as calm and as placid as a mud-puddle. But I like the girls first rate, and I guess all the boys do. I don' care how many tricks they play on me— and they don't care either. The hoitytoityest girl in the world can always boi over like a glass of soda. By and by they get into the traces with somebody they like, and pull as steady as an old stage horse. That is the beauty of them. So, let them wave, I say; they will pay for them some day, sewing on buttons and trying to make a man out of the fellow they have spliced to and ten chances to one if they don't get the worst of it.

 A Cleveland merchant determined to send his son for a trip on the road in the send his son for a trip on the road in the interests of the house. The young man was rather averse to going, but his father's persuasions were all-powerful, and he went. He was out some ten days, and on his return his father anxiously inquired, "Well, my boy, did you get many orders?" "Yes, father," answered the new-fledged drummer; "I got quite a number." "Good!" exclaimed the delighted father. "I knew you would succeed. The young man you would succeed. The young man grinned and answered: "Well, the first order I got was in Squashbog. I went into a man's store there and he said 'git out!' In Bungville I got my second order. This time it was 'skip!' My third order was 'chase yoursel' 'round.' My next order was 'scoot,' and—" But the old gentleman hastily arose and, kicking his hopeful's samplecase across the office, sternly commanded the young man to go out and help Jim load the truck.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is the law. Pleasure comes through toil, and not by self-indulgence and indolence. When one gets to love work. his life is a happy one,-Ruskin.

"Deacon Wilder, I want you to tell me how you kept yourself and family so well the past season, when all the rest of us have been sick so much, and have had the doctors running to us so long."

"Bro. Taylor, the answer is very easy. I used Hop Bitters in time and kept my family well and saved large doctor bills. Three dollars' worth of it kept us all well and able to work all the time, and I will warrant it has cost you and most of the neighbors one to two hundred dollars a piece to keep sick the same time. I guess you'll take my medicine hereafter." See other cotumn,

Stenographic Blunders. Born in Virginia in 1793, left an or-phan in boyhood, Sam Houston went with his mother to Tennessee, where he

> Gross receipts-Grocery seats. arack knees-Dum rickety knees. The mother's prayer—The matters prior, He was a little fellow—He was a little full. They captured two Parrott guns They captured two pirate guns. The woman was baking bread—The woman was begging bread. I found the horse in that pasture—I found the horse in that posture—Counsel offered paper in evidence—Counsel brought pauper in evidence. Arthur Waite, the chalktalk evangelist — Arthur Waite, the Choctaw evangelist. The showers were not sufficient to meet the wants of millmen-wants of milkmen. In the intervening time he said nothing-In the entire evening time he said nothing. I came with my brothers, Horace and Henry-I came with my brother's horse and Henry. A medical witness, speaking of the illness of a lady patient, said : "She appeared to be somewhat un-strung and nervous." The transcriber made him say "She appeared to be somewhat kneesprung and nerv-ous," A minister, preaching a ser-mon on the death of a gentleman named Samuel, quoted: "And buds and blossoms in the dust." He was delighted to read in the next issue of the paper: And buds and blows Sam in the dust. An attorney asked a female witness how she came to be employed by plaintiff, and she answered: "I saw a sign in the window, 'Female clerks wanted here." The blundering reporter rendered it: Family color warranted here." have one sick person feeding another,' papers.

hired a stenographer to take testimony in an important case. The transcribed minutes astonished him. A "patent," upon which much depended in the suit,

A French Woman's Valor.

Happy Friends. Rev. F. M. Winburne, Pastor M. E. Church, Mexia, Texas, writes as follows: Several months since I received a supply fat geese, and a rousin' fine fox! I of St. Jacobs Oil. Retaining two bot-called it a pooty good mornin's work—tles, I distributed the rest among friends, and done afore breakfast, at that! I is a most excellent remedy for pains and aches of various kinds, especially neuralgia and rheumatic affections. -Jackson Daily Patriot.

Gen. Sam Houston's Romance.

s early learning family loyalty.

1813, at the age of 20, he enlisted under

Gen. Jackson in the Creek war, and for

his repeated deeds of gallantry he so

gained the esteem of Jackson that he

urged him to remain permanently in the army. Resigning, however, and study-ing law in Nashville, he rose from office

to office, and in 1823, at the age of 30,

he was elected to Congress, and then again in 1827 was elected Governor of

Tennessee. Up to this time Houston was unmarried. Universally admired,

and urged by associates to form an alli-ance, which seemed essential to his sta-

tion, a young lady of beauty and accom

plishments was commended to him by family influence. His proposal of mar-riage was accepted, and late in 1828 the

marriage ceremony was performed with

unusual pomp. The next day Houston resigned his office, crossed the Missis-

sippi into Arkansas, and Dec. 11, 1828, wrote from the agency of his old Chero-kee acquaintances the letter to Presi-dent Jackson which called forth his let-

ter of Jan. 24, 1829. No one of Hous-

ton's companions knew till his death the

cause of his new course, which his best

friends, like Jackson, regarded as par-tial insanity; no one but his widow could reveal it, and she only through a

sense of conjugal and Christian duty. That cause was the highest test of loyalty of which any man could be ca-

On the eye of the marriage Gov.

Houston observed a tremor in the voice

and in the hand of his bride, when the

vow of undivided attachment was pro-

nounced, which convinced him some secret had not been revealed to him.

Before retiring he frankly told her of his suspicion, asked a frank confession and pledged her that it should not work

to her injury. His frankness and firm-ness led to the confession that her af-

fections had been given and pledged to

another before their meeting, and that

filial duty had prompted her acceptance of his proffer. Houston retired to his

own cot, next day resigned his position, allowed the entire fault to appear to be

his, permitted and encouraged her appli-

cation for a divorce on the plea of deser-

tion, and his bride was married to the

man of her former affection. Many ir-

regularities, rumor, of course, charged on the man who had really sacrificed

everything to save one who had erred only in mistaken duty; but no charge

of domestic infidelity could be true in

who afterward became his wife.

man who denied it to the estimable lady

upported her with his own ind

A Queer Roman Custom. There is another custom which is observed by all true Romans, namely, the eating of large beans on the 2d of November. The origin of this custom is not known; but it is thought that in olden times the dead were honored in May instead of November and that, as beans were then in season, they formed part of the feast. Now, however, dried beans have to be eaten, and as everyone does not like that food, the church allows imitation beans. These are made of sugar and pastry, made up in the shape of and called dead men's bones. The very human hone even when being eaten by the prettiest of months, is not pleasant. The custom of placing these death-bones on dining tables had the same origin as that of introducing skeletons at festivals to remind the guests that all were mortal and that it was best to enjoy life whilst they could.

James Butler, Esq., Clerk of the Roxbury Carpet Co., Boston, Mass., employing eight hundred hands, in a late communication concerning the ad-mirable working of an article introduced into the factory, says: The famous Old German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, has effected several cures among our men, who have been badly hurt in working in the factory, and they pronounce it a suc-cess every time.—Clinton (Iowa) Herald.

A preposterous paragraph has been going on its rounds to the effect that Queen Victoria had insured her life for a large amount, in a Parisian office. Inasmuch as the Queen is sixty years old she will have to pay a pretty heavy premium. No details are given as to her Majesty's having undergone medical scrutiny, and we are left to assume that the company waived such a sordid con-sideration in the case of a regal client, So far as the Queen is concerned any life insurance would be an absurdity, in view of her having been easily able, for many years, to save \$1,000,000 a year. She is probably the wealthiest woman in the world. Putting aside all other source of income, her Duchy of Lancaster, and legacy from Mr. Neeld, bring her in \$300,000 a year, and her income altogether is probably nothing short of \$3, 000,000 a year .- New York Times.

Close confinement, careful vidention to all factory work, gives the operatives palled faces, poor appetite, languid, miscrable feelings, poor blood, inactive liver, kidneys and urinary troubles, and all the physicians and medicine in the world can not help them unless they get out doors or use Hop Bitters, made of the purest and best remadies, and especially for such cases, having abundance of health, sunsaine and rosy cheeks in them. None need suffer it they will use them freely. They cost but a triffe. See another column.

The Markets.

The Markets.

CINCINNATI.—FLOUR — Family \$4 70@4 90; choice Minnesota, \$5 70. Graix Wheat—Choice red, \$1 06; No 2 do., \$1 04@1 05. Corn—No. 2 mixed shelled, 42c; No. 2 white, 44½c; prime mixed ear, 46c. Oats—No 2, 39c; No. 2 mixed, 30½@37c. Bye—Choice, \$1. Bathy—No. 2 fall, 98c.@\$1; spring borley, 55@85c. liny—Common timothy, \$15@15 50; prime, \$16@17. Hocs—Common, \$4 25@45 65; heavy picking, \$5@55 30. Mess pork, \$13 75@14. Lard—Prime ateam, 8.90c. Cotton—Good middling, 11½c.

NEW YORK — Flour—Good to choice Western and State, \$4 60@6 75; Ohio extra family, \$4 15@4 6 75. Grain—Wheat—Ungraded winter red, \$1 10@1 20; ungraded white, \$1 08@1 14½. Corn—Ungraded, \$465/7c; yellow Western, 56c. Oats—Mixed Western, 4 ½@45c. Sugar—Fair to good refining, 72@77½c New Orleans Molasses, \$5,355c. Mess pork, \$13 25@13 50. Lard—Prime steam, 9 40@9, 9.42½c.

PHILADELPHIA.—Flour—Ohio extra family, \$5 50@7; Minnesota patent process, \$7,37½@8 25. Wheat—No. 2 winter red, \$1 16, Corn—Yellow Western, 53c. Oats—No. 1 white, 46½c. New mess pork, \$14 50. Lard, 9.30@9, 40c.

BALTIMORE—Flour—Western family, \$5 25@6c. Wheat—No. 2 Western winter red, \$1 17c. Miral 17%. Corn—Western mixed, 53½c. Oats—Nestern mixed, 43@43½c. Rye Prime, \$1 01@1 63. Mess pork, \$12 75a; 31. Lard, 9.75c.

LOUISVILLE—Cotton—Dn'l at 11%c. Flour—Extra family, \$3 75@42 55. A No. 1, 5@5 25. Wheat—95c.@\$1. Corn—No. 2 white, 46c; do. mixed, 42½c. Oats—No. 2 white, 450 to \$4.90.

INDIANAPOLIS.—Wheat—No. 2 red, new, \$1. Corn—Is steady at 37½@38c. Oats—New white, 33 @35c.

LIVE STOCK.

CINCINNATI—Carttle—Quotatious are as fol-

LIVE STOCK.

CINCINNATI.—CATTLE—Quotations are as follows: Common, 22 25 32 75; tair to medium, \$3@\$ 85; good to choice butcher grades, \$4 65@5 25; common to fair shippers, \$3 35 34 40, and good to choice, \$4 65@5 25. House—Selected butchers and heavy Boston shippers, \$5 30 36 50, with some extra at \$60, and a few facey at \$5 65; fair to good packers, \$5 @5 30. SHEEP—Common to fair, \$@43\foldayc.; choice, \$1\foldayc. Lambs, 4@5\foldayc.

NEW YORK—Beef Cattle—Dressed beef dull; common to prime sides ranging from 7c. to 9c. Sheep—Prime, \$4 70@6 25 per 100 lbs.; extra wethers, \$6 40@6 50. Lambs, \$5 25@7. Hogs—Prime live, \$5 50@5 75.

ST. LOUIS.—Native shipping steers, \$5 25@5.50; LIVE STOCK. ST. LOUIS.—Native shipping steers, \$5 25@5 50; Colorado steers, \$4 70. Sheep—Faucy shipping, \$5@ EAST LIBERTY, PA.—Cattle—Best shipping steers, \$5:05 50; fair to good butchers' grades, \$4 500

steers, \$5:35.50; fair to good butchers' grades, \$4.50@4.50. Bulls, cows and stags, according to quality, \$2:34. Hogs.—Philadelphia boxs, \$5:2:34. \$4.50. Common to choice sheep, \$3.50@5.50. INDIANAPOLIS.—Hogs—The market is weak at 4.80@5.25 per 100 lbs.

From a paper on blunders, by F. J. Morgan, of Syracuse, we extract the fol-lowing as ludicrous instances of steno-graphic interpretation and transcrip-

orator referred to the different religious sects or denominations "going for one another" throughout the country, and said: "Here we have one sect persecuting another," and was so reported, but the transcriber rendered it: "Here we and so it appeared in the next-morning Several years ago an eminent lawyer

was converted into a "potentate;" a 'solid frame" was turned into an "isoated farm;" the "furnaces of this country" were set down as "Fenians of this country;" "clerks and bartenders" were made "clocks and barometers;" and the question, "Were you in the habit of visiting the house?" was written, "Were you in the habit of fastening the hose?"

Visitors to Paris cannot fail to have seen in the great central market an old woman seated behind a goodly array of cabbages and cauliflowers, wearing the Order of the Legion of Honor on her oreast. Her name is Annette Drevon, and her history is a remarkable one. In her younger days she was cantiniere in a regiment of Zouaves who served in Africa, in the Crimea, in Italy, and on the banks of the Rhine. She was pres ent at the taking of Magenta, and during that melee saw a couple of Austrian so diers lay hands on the flag of the regi-ment to which she belonged. Undeter-red by the whistling of the bullets, the courageous Frenchwoman rushed forward to save the flag, killed one Austrian, wounded the other with her revolver, and returned triumphant with the standard she had saved from the enemy. For this act of courage she was decorated; but it is not her only one. During the Franco-Prussian war she followed the Thirty-second Regiment of the Line as cantiniere. One day after the armistice had been proclaimed, she was insulted by a Bavarian soldier, near the gates of Thionarrested, tried by a court martial sitting at Metz, and condemned to death. On the day she was to be executed Prince Frederick Charles happened to be passing through Metz. Having learned that a woman was to be shot, he inquired into the circu istances, granted her a respite, and four days later sent her back to France, pardoned. Since then Annette has established herself as a market woman, and, aided by a pension allowed her by the State, manages to live, as she is proud of saying, independently.

How Do You Stand?

One cannot lay out his work to advantage without knowing precisely how he stands with regard to his business.

The beginning of the year is the appropriate time for ascertaining it, Frequently an account of business is kept for a month or two and then neglected If it is only to encourage habits of regularity and perseverance it will be time well spent to keep an account, not only of money affairs, but a record of events for every day. This tends to beget promptness and system in every detail of farm work, and in business affairs that foresight and economy which are everywhere the prime essentials to suc

keep Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup convenient; take t in time and you will be free from Coughs, Colds, etc. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents a A KENTUCKY murderer dug his way

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Not many French cards were ever sold in the American markets, comparatively speaking, although these manufactures were exceedingly fine—a linen card, thin, strong and delicate, and nice to handle. The great bulk of imported cards were from English manufacturers, as they are to-day. The English cards excel in the beauty of their finished geometrical designs for their backs being ornamented with fine colors and gildidg to an extent never attempted with the American article. This elegance of ornamentation seems to have always been a specialty with the English makers, and alone, or in connection with the heavy duties, appears to warrant the price asked for them—about double that of American cards, the latter

being even a better article.

But, as has been hinted, of late years great progress has been made in the manufacture of playing cards in this country, until at present no better goods can be found in any market than are af-forded by United States makers. The modern, round-cornered card of the present makes is a vast improvement over the old style square-cornered affair; and the manipulation of stock in their make-up results in an article possessing all the at-tributes considered desirable by cardplayers. The English manufacturers nave been trying to copy the results at tained in American round-cornered cards by "dieing out" the stock; but in this effort they failed signally, since the card cannot be cut in that way without fatally injuring its edges and quality. Consequently a couple of card-cutting machines quently a couple of card-cutting machines have been sent to England from this country, and, by the use of Yankee (or Jewish) methods, no doubt our cousins will achieve better success.—Boston Herald.

CORN MUSH.-When the water intended for mush begins to boil, salt, sift in the meal with one hand, stirring with the other to prevent lumps. When the other to prevent lumps. When let it bake an hour. This cooks the meal thoroughly without danger of burn-



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